

SONNET XXXI I.



ORE sick of late, Nature her due
would have,

Great was my pain where still my
mind did rest; No hope but heaven ! no
comfort but my grave, Which is of comforts
both the last and least! But on a sudden,
th'Almighty sent

Sweet ease to the distressed and
comfortless, And gave me longer
time for to repent;

With health and strength, the foes of
feebleness. Yet I my health no sooner
'gan recover,

But my old thoughts, though full of cares,
retained, Made me, as erst, become a
wretched lover

Of her, that Love and lovers aye
disdained. Then was my pain, with ease
of pain increased, And I ne'er sick until
my sickness ceased.

SONNET XXXI I I.



|E that would fain FIDESSA'S image see,
My face, of force, may be his looking-glass
! There is she portrayed, and her cruelty!
Which as a wonder, through the world must
pass. But were I dead, she would not be
betrayed.

It's I, that 'gainst my will, shall make it
known! Her cruelty by me, must be bewrayed:
Or I must hide my head, and live alone.
I'll pluck my silver hairs from out my head,
And wash away the wrinkles of my face!
Closely immured I'll live, as I were dead,
Before She suffer but the least disgrace !
How can I hide that is already known ? I
have been seen, and have no face but one!